Ashland Union.

A Weekly Family Newspaper---Devoted to Light Literature, News, Agriculture, the Arts and Sciences, Morals, Mechanics, the Markets, General Intelligence, the Dissemination of Democratic Principles, &c.

C. W. BUSHNELL, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.] "THE UNION—IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED." [OFFICE OVER T. C. BUSHNELL'S STORE.

VOL. XI. ASHLAND, ASHLAND COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1856. NO. 13.

Tales and Sketches.

[From the Waverley Magazine.]

FASHION.

Fashion, as all the world knows, is an arbitrary mistress, always changing and never at rest. She presides over every department of civilized life, ruling with a fickleness and tyranny that would do credit the barbarisms of a Pagan age. A book in these fashionabel times which does not contain the costumes is the most unpopular of all books. Consequently, in every magazine and periodical, which issues from the press, the fashions are discussed in full, and all other literature must give place to that which will best please and inform the mass of readers. Upon the title page we find—"Unrivalled colored fashions—Paris fashions Americanized—Gazette of fashion, &c. And in the editor's table, "Discussion of Fashion plates—Chit-chat upon the fashions"—and many more too numerous to mention, and all horribly tedious, from the repetition or the word "Fashion."

In looking around a modern ball-room, what a different scene presents itself from that which might have been observed fifty, or even a score of years ago. What novelties call "airy form," in gossamer robes, with arms and neck exposed, bear very little resemblance to the stout lasses who "chased the rosy hours on flying feet" twenty years ago. Then it was deemed lady-like to protect oneself from the cold, and common sense dictated and arranged the style of dress; but now, when the thermometer ranges from ten to twenty-four degrees below zero, it is the height of absurdity to wear anything thicker than a tissue, and the lady who would venture into the ball-room with neck and limbs properly clad, would unavoidably be the observed and criticized of all.

Our ancestors, in their goings forth, wore shoes; but now they have become obsolete, being voted, by upper tendom, "a bore," and in their stead, lo! cert in little delicate structures scarcely thicker than paper—beautiful little things—into which the foot is pressed "a la" Chinese belle. But a lady will say she cannot walk lighty, or step gracefully with anything thicker than a single-sol ed slipper. We do not like to doubt her assertion; we will only refer to her mother, now nearly fifty years of age. Her eye is still bright, and the bloom is still upon her cheek, while she, the daughter, scarcely twenty, just in the bloom of life, with languid eye and a false bloom upon her cheek, move listlessly around, exciting pity rather than admiration. Slowly but surely fashion's breath is wearing away her young life. Late hours, exposure by wearing thin shoes in damp weather, and false excitement are sapping the life tree.

Twenty years ago bonnets were worn. What the times these, too, have degenerated, until they are merely caps for the knot of the hair, not intented at all to cover the face. The sun, however, can do but little harm though an application of rouge, so thick as to be almost impervious to its rays. Yes! bonnets were once of such a respectable size that a market basket would have answered the same purpose—now an inverted tulip would do as well. If they do not soon begin to enlarge there will be danger of seeing our ladies promenading the streets with a wreath of roses on the back of their heads and carrying a sunflower for a parasol.

A modern lady of fashion is made up entirely of dress; and even a republican American, (we blush to tell it) must have wealthy parentage to recommend her to society. However bright may be the jewel of mind hid under the sand-hills of poverty, she is neglected; but if she is rich, lack of mind is overlooked, and she is sought for and carressed by the butterflies of fashion until vanity is raised to its highest pitch, and she believes herself to be all their heartless flattery has said.

A lady of these times is expected to have nerves. What are they? Something in her delicate organization which causes her to start at every sound and cling to her companion in a prettily feigned terror. It is pretty and lady-like to faint; but to give it effect it must be done gracefully, and then it will be very likely to cause a sensation among the gentlemen—and she will no doubt be envied by the ladies.

The modern lady street walker is a moving automaton, with sweeping skirts, hoops of such a size as to occupy the entire pavement, bonnet on shoulders, and head thrown back "a la" duck catching rain.

The good dames of olden time with a modesty shrinking from the too frequent glances of the son—or sons, would gaze in amazement at one of those figures approaching them, and would doubtless step back in alarm. But these are fast times; we have fast people in them—and our eyes are becoming used to such fast sights.

The ancient definition of the term "lady" is entirely too far behind this fast age to be understood or appreciated. It used to be,—one who can wait on herself, sing plain musical English; leaves the piano in such a state that it can be used again; cook for the family if necessary; milk the cows and bake and brew, and is neither horrified nor ashamed, if, perchance, the flour of the dough-tray should adhere to her fair arm. Now, for the new and latest definition of the term "lady." A live doll, made to be waited on; something that can draw operatic discords from a groaning piano; her voice on the key adopted by the locomotive; smatter French, and murder the liquid Spanish, never saw a kitchen—would be frightened to death if compelled to milk the Durham, and is immediately seized with a fit of the horrors at the bare mention of raw dough. By the way, she is universally not so in their absence.

During the revolution, when our grandmothers were caring for the wounded, preparing provisions for the distant army, and performing their various perilous enterprises, what think you would have become of our modern lady of fashion—had she been there? Surely she would have had to lay off the hoops and whale bones, otherwise she could never have reached the kitchen table nor the bed of the sick; and if come upon or suddenly surprised by the British, she could scarcely, alas! make good her escape, even though the door stood invitingly open. But if bones, sea-grass, and starch were impervious to powder and ball—ah! then our ladies would have been safe enough.

As to the occupation of a modern lady it consists of nothing of more importance than lying on damask sofas, or lounging on luxurious chairs, engaged in the study of ball and party costume—pursuing the last new novel, or some scheme for captivating the wealthiest young man of her acquaintance. The song says:—

"And now, ye little maid,
A warning I will give you;
Don't trust the little men,
They surely will deceive you."

And now, if they please, a warning to the young men in plain prose. Never marry a fashionable woman, unless you are rich, and in want of a stationary ornament for your parlor, or a street exhibition of your liberality to the jeweller, milliner, and your brother merchants. Nor are the absurdities of fashion confined to the feminine gender alone. The lords of society, notwithstanding their unmerciful criticisms of our fashions, have others of their own equally absurd and ridiculous. Like Adam, when he ate the forbidden fruit, they do not counsel us otherwise—but right willingly do they follow the example which is set them.

A word in reference to their ridicule of hoops. If they will turn to the history of costumes about the time of the marriage of Louis XV., they will see that as the women laid them aside the men took them up; and Turkish trowsers, with hoops in them, were all the rage. Indeed they went so far that hooped trowsers were worn on the stage in the presonation of ancient Greek heroes and roman gladiators. Not content with this, they wore hoops in the long skirts of their coats. Their coats, like the ladies' bonnets, became smaller, until within a very recent period, when they again began to enlarge, and now "the dandy of the day" is seen with a coat skirt long enough to have suited the taste of a pilgrim father.

From hat to boots, every article of the gentleman's dress has undergone change after change; why should they, then, find fault with the fickleness of a lady's fashion? A long time ago, boots terminated in a sharp point; and during the reign of Louis XIV., the heels were only three inches high; and, notwithstanding their inconvenience, they were worn with a perseverence worthy of a stoic. Gradually the toe-points became shorter and shorter until they assume their present form of stump-toes.

Ruffles, like those worn in 1776, are again making their appearance, and Byronic collars will supercede the head supporters which have caused the gentlemen so much trouble in having their ears insured. Their hats, too, have not been exempt from the common lot.—They have passed through every medium of size and shape, until the style of hats are as numerous as the faces they shade—and the hatter's advertisement might be closed with—"No two alike."

The gentlemen are as much of a walking advertisement for the tailor, hatter, and jeweler, as the fair sex are of the latter dry goods merchant and the milliner. The fast young man would not compare any more favorably with his great-grandfather than the young lady with her grandmother. Both have alike wandered from the path. The sire carried his riches in mind and heart; the son, for lack of these, carries his wealth dangling at the end of his watch-chain, in the form of various seals of immense size, saying, plainly enough,—"This is all I'm worth." He has nothing in the world to do but chew tobacco smoke cigars, play euchre and seven-up and flourished a gold-headed cane to the detriment of his father's purse. His coat is of that most fashionable cut called "shanghaie!"—he glories in the possession of a magnificent moustaches naturally a little red, but kept black and glossy by the application of "Twigg" matchless hair ointment."

See him in the ball-room, and you see him in his appropriate sphere. There he is elaborately, nay, almost fantastically dressed in white cravat, white vest, and ridiculous white kid gloves. He is fashionable. says certain young ladies, therefore, his acquaintance must be cultivated. Beware, oh! beware, young ladies; never marry a "fast young man;" better wed honesty and intellect with poverty, than money and fashion with senseless dandyism,

FANNIE.

VALUE OF BUILDING LOTS.

The Builder, a London periodical, recently published the following with reference to the value of ground in the central business portions of London. The comparison as to the relative value of ground in New-York and London, and some statements respecting the land in the business portion of the city, will astonish those who have never inquired into the subject:—

"Some land in Finch Lane, opposite the Australasian Band, recently let on a building lease by the Merchant Tailors' Company, produced about fifteen pounds a foot as groundrent, the depth being about seventy feet. The new buildings on the south side of Cornhill, recently rented by the Messrs. Savory and the County Hire Office, are subject to a groundrent of one thousand two hundred pounds per annum. The frontage is about fifty-four feet, and the depth eighty feet, and calculating as in former cases, (at the rate of thirty years' purchase,) the cost per acre amounts to four hundred and seventy thousand pounds Again, the block of buildings called the Royal Exchange Buildings, occupying an area of four thousand to five thousand feet, produced a gross rental of ten thousand pounds a year. Travelling westward to New Cannon-street, a piece of land opposite the triangular plot adjoining St. Paul's, containing about four thousand five hundred superficial feet, has been let at a ground-rent of one thousand five hundred and fifty pounds a year, which, at thirty years' purchase, produces about four hundred and eighty thousand pounds an acre. To cap them all, however, we must go back to the plot of ground at the north-east corner of Thread-needle-street and Finch Lane, belonging to Mr. Alderman Moon, the present Lord Mayor, which, report says, has been recently let at a ground-rent of one thousand pounds per annum. The superficial area of this place is about one thousand six hundred feet, and calculating the ground-rent at thirty years' purchase, we find its value is at the rate of eight hundred and forty thousand pounds per acre. Much has been written about the value of the triangular plot of land between New Cannon-street and St. Paul's. The area of the plot is six thousand two hundred and seventy feet, and we understand a positive offer has been made to take it at a groundrent of two thousand pounds a year, which would produce, at thirty years' purchase, the sum named, (sixty thousand pounds,) being at the rate of four hundred and twenty thousand pounds an acre. We need scarcely give any additional examples to prove the enormous value to which land in the city of London has arrived."

The above figures are indeed large, but we shall see whether they may not be equalled, and perhaps exceeded, by New-York valuations.

The lot corner of William-street and Exchange Place, eighty feet deep, and on an average, thirty-four feet four and a half inches wide, containing two thousand seven hundred and sixty superficial feet, was sold to the Bank of the State of New-York for eighty thousand dollars, and one hundred thousand dollars have since been offered for it. At the latter valuation, per acre, it amounts to one million five hundred and seventy-eight thousand two hundred and sixty-one dollars, or about three hundred and twenty-six thousand and eighty-seven pounds. The lot on the lower corner of Broadway and Wall-street, thirty feet by forty, containing one thousand two hundred square feet, is held and may be sold for one hundred thousand dollars. This is at the rate of three million six hundred and thirty thousand dollars an acre, or about seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The lot corner of Nassau and Wall streets, on which the Express (newspaper) buildings stand, is twent-five feet by ninety, and is held at one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, or two million four hundred and twenty thousand dollars—equal to five hundred thousand pounds per acre. The lot on Nassau-street adjoining the lot on which Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co. have commenced their new banking-house, is considered abundantly worth one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, but it is held at one hundred and fifty thousand. At the former figure, it being but fifty feet by eighty, and containing four thousand square feet, it is held at the rate of one million three hundred and six thousand eight hundred dollars an acre. For the lot corner of Cedar and Nassau-streets, now covered by the Law Buildings, twenty-five feet by eighty, ninety thousand dollars, we understand, were offered recently, which is at the rate of one million nine hundred and sixty thousand dollars per acre. The lot and building adjoining the Custom-House, lately occupied by the Bank of the State and Bank of Commerce, was sold to the U. States Government for five hundred and thirty thousand dollars. Estimating the value of the building at thirty thousand dollars, we have five hundred thousand dollars for the value of the lot, the area of which is nine thousand square feet. The rate per acre is two million four hundred and twenty thousand dollars, or five hundred thousand pounds. At the recent change in the organization of the Mechanics' Bank, the building and lot occupied by the institution were appraised at two hundred and thirty thousand dollars. The building is to be torn down, so it was not counted in the appraisement. The lot is an irregular piece of ground of an area of about five thousand square feet, and its valuation per acre was more than two million dollars. Lot No. 4 Wall-street, twenty-two by fifty, was sold a year ago for fifty thousand dollars, which is at the rate of nearly two million dollars per acre. Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co. paid for their lot, on the corner of Nassau and Pine streets, which is fifty feet by eighty, one hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars, which is at the rate of more than one million six hundred thousand dollars per acre.

With respect to leases, we have but two instances to report. The lot on the northeast corner of Fulton-street and Broadway, which contains only one thousand six hundred square feet, is subject to a yearly rental of sixteen thousand dollars. Estimating on the same principle as in London, (at thirty years' purchase,) we have for the value of this lot the enormous sum of four hundred and eighty thousand dollars, which is at the rate of more than twelve million dollars per acre, or about two million five hundred thousand pounds sterling! We cannot give the exact figures as to the amount of the yearly rental of the lot on the southwest corner of Broadway and Chambers street, covered by a building owned now by the Shoe and Leather Dealers' Bank, but are sure of this much, that it is considerably larger per acre than the rate at which the Lord Mayor's lot, mentioned in the above extract, was let. It is proper to add that, estimating the value at the London rate, it cannot be correctly applied to this city; about a fifteen years' purchase would be more in accordance with circumstances. This would make the value of the piece first mentioned higher than Alderman Moon's lot.

☞"Pop goes the weasel!" has become the chorus of a thousand snatches of song, but not one of a thousand who sing it ever heard of its origin. But its parentage is as easily traced as that of an Englisg baronet. A famous Methodist preacher, by the name of Craven, was once preaching in Virginia, and spoke as follows: "There are a great many professors of religion to-day. You are sleek, fat, good-looking, yet something is the matter with you. Now you have seen that which was plump, round, and good-looking to the eye, but when weighed, you found it only came to forty five or perhaps forty-eight pounds to the bushel, when it should be sixty-three pounds. Take a kernel of that wheat between your thumb and finger, hold it up, squeeze it and *pop* goes weevil. Now you good-looking professors of religion, you are plump and round, but you only weigh some forty-five or forty-six pounds to the bushel. What is the matter? Ah! when you are taken between the thumb of the law and the finger of the Gospel, held up to the light and squeezed, out pops the whisky bottle!" From "pop goes the weevil," to "pop goes the weasel," the transition is easy.

☞Lafyette sent for a hogshead of earth from Bunker Hill, to be placed over his body at his interment. The selectmen of Boston received the application from his agents. It was taken from the spot where General Warren fell, and accompanied by a certificate that it was "genuine," signed by three of the oldest vctorane in the town.

THE OLD CHARTER OAK.

The Hartford papers record with much pathos the circumstances of the fall of the "Old Charter Oak," of that city, so noted in history and in song. During the storm of Thursday last, at a quarter before one o'clock, this old oak tree, embalmed in the affections of thousands of patriotic hearts, yielded, from the decay of time, to the long resisted might of the storm-king, and fell, like one of Homer's mighty heroes slain, with loud-resounding noise. The following description and history of the famous old oak, is from the Hartford Times:—

This noble old tree stood upon the beautiful grounds of Hon. Isaac W. Stuart, late the Willis' estate, in the southern part of the city. About three years ago, some boys built a fire in the hollow of this tree, which burned out the punk, and though it was feared that this would kill it, such was not the fact. Fresh sprouts sprung out the next spring, and Mr. Stuart took great pains to preserve this valued relic of the original forests of New England, but more especially interesting as the tree in which the old British Charter of Connecticut was secreted and preserved. At this time the hollow in the trunk of the old oak was so large that a fire company of twenty-seven full grown men stood up in it together.

Mr. Stuart had a stout door made to shut up the enterance, and he also placed tin caps upon the stumps of broken limbs, and for the past three or four years fresh sprouts have grown upon most of its limbs, though other limbs were decaying. At the time of its fall young and fresh acorns were growing on every part of it. Thousands of people are visiting the tree and bringing away such sprigs and parts of limbs as Mr. Stuart permits

Watchman Butler says he stood at the head of the street at the time of the crash. The wind had been blowing freshly from the Northwest for an hour or more. He first heard a loud crack, and saw the old oak swaying in the breeze: a cracking noise followed, then the crash—all within the space of half a minute—and the famous monarch of the forest, whose history is so intimately entwined in that of Connecticut, was prostrate upon the earth! One thousand years ago, when it was in the prime of life—when its years were half numbered, its far reaching branches had sported in fiercer storms, and more swift-winged wind.—But now, since full two thousand years have smiled and waned upon its youth, its prime and its decline, it had become grey and decrepit, but was still tenacious of life; it still clung to the lovely spot which gave it birth, by its far reaching roots, running a long way up into the beautiful hill-side, and downward to the dark out below. Firmly, aye, proudly, the Oak stood, seemingly conscious that nature had marked out for its own accomodation, one of the most enchanting retreats in the state, and that destiny had accorded to it a noble and everlasting histori page in the story of Connecticut—one of the patriotic and original thirteen states of the Union.

Proudly it had stood, and when tottering with age, and reduced to a mere shell of a few inches, by the steady inroads of time itself, still clung with fondness to the loved spot on which it had witnessed the decay and downfall of many of its associates—the path and the bloody wars of the red man, and the red men's decay—the birth and death of generations of the white man, whose axe had cut away its towering comrades of the olden time. But whilst preserving a fair exterior, it was inwardly wasting away, and was obliged to yield and fall in a storm far less severe than many thousands that had proceeded it.

Before Gov. Wyllys came to America, he sent his stewart forward to prepare a place for his residence. As he was cutting away the trees upon the hill-side of the beautiful "Wyllys place," a deputation of Indians came to him, and requested that he would spare this old hollow tree. They declared that it had been the "guide of their ancestors for centuries" It was spared, to fall this day, having finally yielded to the process of natural decay.

The tree measured 33 feet in circumference at the bottom; and it has broken off so as to leave 8 feet of the stump on one side and 6 feet on the other—the stump measuring 21 feet in circumference at its top.

The charter of King Charles the 3d, for the colony of Connecticut, arrived in Hartford in 1662, probably in the month of September, though the precise time is not known. On the 9th of October it was publicly read to the assembled freemen of Connecticut, and was declared to "belong to them and their successors," and the people evinced their gratitude by appointing a committee to take charge of it, under the solemnities of an oath, and to preserve this palladium of the rights of the people. It contained many liberal provisions, as may be seen on examining it in the Secretary of State's office, where the original copy is still preserved with care. It was the organic law of Connecticut till the present Constitution took its place in 1818.

In 1686 the General Government of New England was dissolved by James II, and a new government was instituted, with Joseph Dudley as President of the Commissioners. Connecticut refused to surrender, and when the third writ of *quo warranto* was sent to her, Gov Treat, in January, 1687, called a special session of the Assembly, which refused to accede to the demands of the new King. They still held to their charter. In March, another special session was convened, but still the representatives of the people refused to 'surrender.' In May they met again in regular session, under the Charter, and re-elected Treat as Governor. On the 31st of October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andross, attended by members of his Council, and a body-guard of sixty soldiers, entered Hartford to take the Charter by force. The General Assembly was in session. He was received with courtesy, but coldness. He entered the Assembly room, and publicly demanded the Charter. Remonstrances were made and the session was protracted till evening; the Governor and his associates appeared to yield. The Charter was brought in and laid upon the table.—Sir Edmund thought the last moment of the Colony had come, when suddenly *the lights were all put out*, and total darkness followed! There was no noise, no resistance, but all was quiet. The candles were again lighted, BUT THE CHARTER WAS GONE! Sir Edmund Andross was disconcerted. He declared the Government of Connecticut to be in his own hands, and that the Colony was annexed to Massachusetts and other New England Colonies, and proceeded to appoint officers. Whilst he was doing this, Capt. Jeremiah Wadsworth, a patriot of those times, was concealing the Charter in the hollow of Wyllys' Oak, now known as THE CHARTER OAK.

In 1689, King James abdicated, and on the 9th of May of that year, Gov. Treat and his associate officers, resumed the government of Connecticut under the charter, which had been preserved in the *Old Hollow Oak*.

Mr. Stuart had Colt's Armory Band come up this noon, and play solemn dirges for two hours over the trunk of the fallen monarch of the forest. He is a generous hearted man—a worthy proprietor of the lovely hill side that nurtured for centuries such a noble tree.

A daguerreotype likeness of the fallen tree was taken.

The city bells were tolled at sun down, as a mark of respect entertained by our citizens for the fallen "Monarch."

[From Galigani's Messenger, August 2.]

HISTORY OF RUSSIAN CROWN DIAMONDS.

The Crown Treasury of the Czars at Moscow contains precious stones of considerable amount. The two most considerable are diamonds, one the size of a pigeon's egg rose out. The Russians have given it the name of the Orloff. The other has the form of an irregular prism, and is of the size and almost the length of a little finger; it bears the name of the Shah, and its history is as follows: It formerly belonged to the Sophis, and was one of two enormous diamonds which ornamented the throne of Nadir Shah, and which were designated by the Persians by the names of "Sun of the Sea" and "Moon of the Mountains." When Nadir was assassinated his treasures were pillaged, and his precious stones divided among a few soldiers, who carefully concealed them. An Armenian named Shafras resided at that period at Bussora with his two brothers. One day an Affghan came to him and offered for sale the large diamond, "The Moon of the Mountain," as well as an emerald, a ruby of fabulous size, a sapphire of the finest water, called by the Persians the "Eye of Allah," and a number of other stones, for the whole of which he asked such a moderate sum that Shafras suspected that they had not been honestly come by, and told him to call again, as he had not the money in the house.

The Affghan, fearing that Shafras was going to act with treachery toward him, left the place and could not again be found, although the three brothers made every search for him. Some years afterward the elder brother met the man at Bagdad, who told him that he had just sold all his precious stones for sixty-five thousand piasters and a pair of valuable horses. Shafras had the residence of the purchaser, who was a Jew, pointed out to him, and he went to him and offered him double the price he had given, for them, but was refused. The three brothers then agreed to murder the Jew and rob him of his purchase, which they did, and on the day following poisoned Affghan, and threw his body into the river. A dispute soon after arose between the brothers as to the division of the spoil, which terminated in Shafras getting rid of his two brothers by poison, after which he fled to Constantinople, and thence to Holland, where he made known the riches he possessed, and offered them for sale to the different courts of Europe. Catherine II. proposed to buy the Moon of the Mountains only. Shafras was requested to come to Russia, and he was introduced to the Court jeweler. The terms demanded by Shafras were—letters of nobility, a life annuity of ten thousand roubles, and five hundred thousand roubles, payable by equal instalments, in ten years.—Count Banin, who was then Minister, delayed the settlement of the bargain as long as possible, and in the mean time had the Armenian led into such extravagances that he fell into debt, and when the Minister found that he had no means of paying what he owed he abruptly broke on the negotiation. Shafras, according to the law of the country, could not leave until his debts should be paid, and the court jeweler prepared to take advantage of his embarrassments and intended that the diamond should fall into his hands for a fourth of its value. Shafras, however, discovered the trap that had been laid for him, and, disposing of some of the less valuable stones among his countrymen, paid his debts and disappeared. Agents were sent after him, who had even orders to assassinate and rob him, but he escaped them. Ten years after, while he was at Astrachan, renewed offers were made to him, but he refused to enter into any negotiations unless the bargain should be settled at Smyrna. Catherine accepted and became the possessor of the diamond for letters of nobility, 600,000 roubles and 170,000 paper roubles, making together about 2,500,000 francs. Shafras, not being able to return to his country, where he would have to give an account of two homicides and two fratricides, fixed himself at Astrachan, where he married a country woman of his, and had seven daughters. One of his sons-in-law poisoned him for the sake of possessing his share of his property. The immense fortune which the murderer had acquired (from ten to twelve millions) was divided and soon spent by his successors, and several of the grandchildren of Shafras are now living at Astrachan in abject misery.

A THRILLING SCENE.

A sub-marine diver from Buffalo has at ast succeeded in raising the safe of the American Express Company, which was lost when the steamer Atlantic was sunk off Long Point in 1853. It will be recollected that this steamer was instantly sunk by a collision with a propeller, and that a large number of passengers were lost. The diver was protected by copper armor, and was under water forty minutes, during which time he had some strange adventures.

The upper deck of the steamer lies one hundred and sixty feet under water and far below where there is any current or motion. Everything, therefore, is exactly as it first went down. When the diver alighted upon the deck, he was saluted by a beautiful lady, whose clothing was well arranged, and her hair elegantly dressed. As he approached her, the motion of the water caused an oscillation of the head, as if gracefully bowing to him. She was standing erect, with one hand grasping the rigging. Around lay the bodies of several others as if sleeping. Children holding their friends by the hands, and mothers with their babes in their arms were there. In the cabin the furniture wa sstill untouched by decay, and to all appearances had just been arranged by some careful and tasteful hand.

WHO ARE YOUR ARISTOCRATS.—Twenty years ago, this one made candles, that one sold cheese and butter, another butchered, a fourth thrived on a distillery, another was a contractor on canals, others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society, as their children will be after them—though it will not do to say so out loud! For often you shall find that these toiling worms hatch butterflies—and they live about a year. Death dringa a division of property, and it brings new financiers; the old gent is discharged, the young gent takes his revenues and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death, or his children do, if he does not. So that, in fact, though there is a sort of monied race, it is not heriditary; it is accessible to all; three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up—a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children to labor. The father grubs, and grows rich; the children strut, and spend the money. The children in turn inherit the price, and go to shiftless poverty; next their children, reinvigorate by fresh pleubean blood, and by the smell of clod, come up again.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

DOUGLAS JERROLD, author, dramatist and journalist, was born at Sheerness, in Kent, about 1802. His father was manager of the theatre there; and thus, in his earliest days, the future successful dramatist obtained an acquaintance with "things theatrical." Like all boys who pass their youth among sailors and shipping, he was seized with a desire to go to sea. He was a delicate and nervous lad, and decidedly ill-suited for the line of life he had fixed upon. His father, in vain, tried to dissuade him from his purpose, until, finding him stubborn and resolved, he allowed him to have his own way, and obtained for him, from an influential naval officer who often came to the theatre, a midshipman's commission on board a man-of-war. But the delight at wearing the king's uniform, and having big men under his command, were small compensations for the hard labor, hard living, and hard usage the young "mind" had to endure; and, at the end of a year or two, his affection for salt water had changed into a longing for the settled, quiet home. He quitted the service, and being once more questioned by his parents as to "what he would like to be?" he chose the calling of a printer, and was at once bound apprentice to that trade. Some time subsequently he came up to London and obtained employment as a compositor. One of his fellow-apprentices was a lad of about his own years and disposition, and between them a close friendship sprang up. It was thus that he and Laman Blanchard became inseparable companions. They worked at the same frame, they shared each other's good and bad fortune, and passed their evenings and spare time in each other's society, discussing the beauties of SHAKSPEARE and other poets.—After enduring years of drudgery at the mechanical duties of a compositor, which, to one of so imaginative and powerful a mind, must have been almost unbearable, Mr. Jerrold determined upon making his first essay as an author. The opera of "Der Freischutz" was produced for the first time in London, and the two friends went to witness the performance. The grand and mysterious music which illustrates the wild German story made so deep an impression on Jerrold's mind, that, on reaching his humble lodgings, he sat up half the night writing an essay on the opera. As morning was breaking he stepped out and dropped his first article into the editor's box of the newspaper on which he was engaged as workman. In the morning; as he was wondering over the fate of his anonymous composition, he was joyfully surprised at having his own writing placed in his hands to be set up for the next number. The essay soon caused a sensation, but amidst all the praise the young author preserved his *incognito*; until, at last, finding himself earnestly inquired after, in the notices to correspondents, he presented himself to the editor, who instantly employed him upon work more suited to his abilities, and more congenial to his taste that of setting up type.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

This angel-woman, whose noble nature and self-sacrificing humanities have shed such lustre on her sex and country, has returned from the scene of her labors, and, with the unobtrusive modesty which is the beautiful accompaniment of genuine virtue, is at her father's countryseat in Hampshire, discharging all those duties which belong to the daughter of an English squire. At evening, she and her only sister, in every way worthy to be so, may be seen, in simple straw hat, wending their way through those pleasant lanes which make Hampshire beautiful, carrying to the cottage of some poor sick peasant both bodily and mental comfort. As they pass, the laborers always lean upon their spades, to send a blessing after the "dear, sweet ladies;" and if the prayers of the poor can make smooth the path to Heaven, their passage there will be swift, indeed. Mr. Nightingale, who is one of the leading Unitarians of England, is universally respected for his noble character as an English gentleman, of which he is the highest and purest type. The family have for years been on terms of the closest intimacy with that of Lord Palmerston, whose country seat is within a few miles of the Nightingales, and they have been for years in the habit of encouraging jointly all manner of rural sports. In the mean time, the fund to be devoted to the sacred object of supplying nursing to the sick, continues to increase, and thirty-five thousand pounds sterling is already subscribed. At Balaklava, too, a beautiful cross has been built to her honor by the relatives of those whose last hours her gentle ministering had soothed.

PURITY.—Young ladies should guard themselves against undue familiarity, however, innocent. Purity, that blushes unconsciously, like the summer rose, is the guardian angel of maiden life.